Yankee Doings

Vol. V Boston, Mass. Feb., 1924 No. 2

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YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION
200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

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75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

BOSTON CLUB SMOKER

On February 7, the Monthly Smoker was held at the Boston Club.

As a special treat a double-header was run, the speakers being Charles Donelan, "Russet Appul" of the *Boston Traveler*, and Slater Washburn of Worcester (Battery C, 101st F. A.)

Mr. Donelan spoke on newspaper cartoon work, and Mr. Washburn on his recent trip to France, part of which was related in a former number of DOINGS.

The customary enthusiastic gathering was present. Those who are missing these smokers are cheating themselves.

JUST WHAT WE WANTED

WE NOW possess a volume containing all issues of YANKEE DOINGS to date, bound in handsome blue buckram, thanks to the generosity of the Union Bookbinding Company, of Boston. Certain early numbers were very difficult to round up, indicating that the volume will prove rare and valuable. In fact, one admiring (and sober) member has declared he would give a hundred dollars for it, if he had the hundred. Our old friend, M. T. Wallett, would probably have bid a thousand.

EVEN IN CONGRESS

The *Boston Transcript* prints a two-column picture of "The Most Decorated Member of the Sixty-Eighth Congress," no other than Representative BARZILLA CARROLL REECE of Tennessee. Congressman Reece, as commanding officer of the Third Battalion, 102d Infantry, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, and the Croix de Guerre with Palm.

EDITORIAL JAZZ

This editor guy declares a ban,
  Prepares to sock us on the bean
Unless we tie a rusty can
  To Messrs. Gallagher and Shean.
And, while functioning as canners
  To embalm that dizzy drool,
Should we resurrect Bananas
  We'll get walloped for a gool.

Previous parodies we've picked
  Sure have proved a perfect pipe;
But this moment we are licked
  For some classic hunch to swipe.
Nothing jazzes up humanity,
  Makes it snap-to, with a bang,
Barring pasteurized profanity
  Or a shot of slippery slang.

But cussing is most unrefined,
  Indulged in only by the scum;
And slang, at least the jazzy kind,
  Denotes at once a low-life bum.
Still we gotta give slang credit:
  When ideas are few and far,
When the noodle's numb (you said it)
  We can shoot a line *comme ca.*

—FULLER P. NARD.

WHAT OUTFIT?

TALK ABOUT your fraternal passwords and other special drags. All you need is a YD button in the lapel of your coat. (Price, 25c. Advt.)

Col. G. M. KING, formerly in Division Headquarters, stood with a cup of coffee in one hand and one of Bill SnYDer's sandwiches in the other on the evening of the January smoker and related an experience he had in Mercer, Penn.

Seems he was there to put through a deal for the concern he represents, and it became necessary to communicate by telegram with his home office. As it was highly undesirable to tip off the entire population of Mercer about the proceedings, he felt a bit skeptical in trusting to the secretiveness of the telegraph company.

But when the man in charge at the office spotted the Colonel's button, he fell on his neck with joy to find a YD comrade in a region where they're few and far between. There was no need to caution him as to secrecy; one YD man can trust another.

But that wasn't the whole story. The next evening after closing hours this lad happened to be at his office still, reading, when a telegram arrived for Colonel King. Although the place where the Colonel was staying was more than a mile away and the chap was off duty for the day, he delivered the message in person for the friendship of a man who had worn the same letters on his shoulder.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

"Permanent liaison with every YD man." That, when you stop to think of it, is the final objective of the Y.D.V.A. We took our first objective when, advancing under a well-placed barrage of civilian jack, we annexed the Memorial Clubhouse. Then we consolidated the position as a center of resistance and a jumping-off point for further advances. Reconnaissance disclosed, dead ahead, one mean pill-box. It was manned by poor pills who craved to forget the *guerre* when they ditched the O.D.,—and thought they could forget by wanting to. They have weakened. Hunger did it. Whenever a favorable wind carried over a whiff from this messhouse of memories, a few more began humming the *kamarad* chorus. A stampede is about due.

* * *

All of us regard personal pals and immediate units more affectionately than we do a division. That is only human. It is those intimate ties that the Y.D.V.A. seeks first to serve. But few of us are long on correspondence, and few units are in a position to conduct a clearing house. In fact, ours is the only Division which does. Suppose you knew that every man of your old outfit, wherever he is, read YANKEE DOINGS and reported through it occasionally. That is where our sights are set. The solution of all outfit liaison problems is the Y.D.V.A.

* * *

The round-up is about to start. First, a mail broadside will be fired on the non-resident area, where some don't even know that the Association exists. It will consist, according to present plans, of a specimen DOINGS cover, enclosing an application blank and a message calculated to make the negligent brothers see the error of their way. Every member, every unit, is vitally interested in the success of this undertaking. With the support of all, it will succeed.

* * *

We have some ten thousand addresses. Many of your particular outfit are not included. Yet practically all are available somewhere in company, battery, or other association rosters. Or in personal notebooks. You know where your roster or list is. We do not. Send in a list of some sort. However incomplete, it is bound to contain names we lack. Ensure that your outfit is not neglected.

* * *

This year we were all set to jolt you by refraining from any advance mention of dues. We have every confidence that this mail campaign will prove a wise and profitable investment. But it must be financed. The fair and painless way is for all members to anticipate their 1924 dues by a month or two. Then the drive can be launched at the time it will do most good. So, if you please, let the dues come along.

* * *

Let your suggestions come, too. Let's establish "Permanent liaison with every YD man."

* * *

Let's go!

"THAT DAMN Y"

That's the title of it. You'll find it in the library of the Boston Club. A wonderful book about the Y.M.C.A. in France, that was presented to the Club by "Mother" Fitzgerald and Miss Heermance, who so many of us met at Andelot, France. We wish to take this opportunity to thank the donors for this appropriate gift.

OH, WELL!

Our Standing Army may be having a tough struggle for existence, but statistics show that we maintain the largest Sitting Army in the world. And still growing. One out of every twenty adults is in the government employ. Oh, well!

A man may have been foolish to volunteer for *la Grande Guerre*, but he's having no *guerre* with his conscience now. Profiteering had its profits, but service has its memories. The ex-soldat is sure of his memories, but the profiteer,—Oh, well!

Those who get DOINGS each month have qualified as Real Stickers. Several thousand others might have earned the same rating, but—Oh, well!

—WILLIE PRINTIT.

PAGE MR. VOLSTEAD

Headlines such as these no longer cause us excitement:—

ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS NEAR RUPTURE
FRANCE TURNS DOWN U. S. PROPOSALS
DELEGATES AT CONVENTION FAIL TO REACH AGREEMENT

Was our friendship a delusion? Were the Allies united only to save their own necks?

A few short years ago we sat around French hearths; madame fried us *pommes-de-terre* by the bushel; with m'sieu we shared our cigarettes; we drank from the same bottle of *pinard;* the youngsters sat in our laps and begged for chocolate. And it warmed the cockles of our heart,—made life worth living. Was this comradeship a passing thing of the hour, to last while they needed us and no longer?

Hear what M. Terreaux, formerly an adjutant in the French Army, now at home in Rolampont (Hte. Marne), has to say on the subject in a letter recently received by a former 101st Engineers man:—

"We have not forgotten your generosity and good cheer; you,—all the American soldiers who came and endangered yourselves in order to help us chase 'les sales boches' from our homes. We know how much we owe to you and we shall always remember it. Furthermore, in every home in France a place is reserved for the American veterans. They will always be received with open arms."

Elsewhere M. Terreaux says:—

"We have a place to receive you. We will drink an old bottle of that old French wine which your government no longer wishes to hear mentioned,—but it is good, it warms the heart and loosens the tongue."

We'll say it does. This story becomes too sad. We can go no further.

Back Through the Old Sector

By Lyman D. Cozzens

Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "I want to go back to France and see my old dugouts and the battlefields where we fought the war: and the little villages, all in powder or intact, outside the battle area where there were good times a-plenty"?

To be sure, there were plenty of unpleasant times and terrible; but five years have taken away the sting and now is left only the memory of good fellowship, of times when men were men, when men had hearts of gold, made rich and refined by the suffering now forgotten.

For five years the idea had been growing that I would some day go back and see it again. This Spring it began to get nearer the surface, and I found it possible to go.

So I went down to New York to consult Aunt Bertha. Aunt Bertha was always consulted on any decided action I took, although she generally laughed. Aunt Bertha brought me up, and after the job was finished she never took me seriously nor stopped laughing at what she had accomplished.

It was in early Summer. The windows were open and the lengthening days made dinner possible without lights. Aunt Bertha rose to greet me. Her dress was in two shades of blue, heavy with shimmering metal. I admire my aunt in everything she wears, but she is always superb in deep blue which sets off her hair to advantage. And a simple circle of pearls at her neck.

Everybody was in good humor, for which I was glad on account of the news I had to spring. I was in good appetite as usual, and was soon making fine work of a grapefruit-maraschino in a tall glass of shaved ice. The family lingered over a mushroom soup to allow me to catch up. They knew I was down there for some reason, and were waiting my time to get at it. And on my part, I was searching for a few opening words to let it down easy. A most luscious spring lamb with mint leaves was set down in front of my uncle and he started to carve. My aunt busied herself with some stuffed tomatoes. This I considered the proper moment, so I waded in. I tried to appear unconcerned but made bad work of it. "Well, I think I will take a trip to Europe." The maid was passing me some currant jelly and I was busy helping myself, so did not see all the expressions that went around. But the silence was electric. Aunt Bertha came too first. "Isn't that nice! Are you going to walk?"

I ignored the sarcasm. "I am going on the *Leviathan* if I can get passage."

"Where are you going to get the money?" This came from my uncle, who was never much interested in my doings.

"I have some saved up and I think I deserve a rest."

"Oh, you haven't been working or something, have you?" My young cousin chuckled over an olive he was gnawing. I wondered why I had come, and thought it best to change the subject. No more was said, but I could tell that Aunt Bertha had it on her mind. She only picked at her asparagus salad. Nobody else seemed to take the thing seriously, and I decided to go on with my own plans which were forgotten when Viola brought on a Succhard Bavarian Cream with large ripe strawberries on a silver plate. This took all my attention.

Over the coffee, which was served in the library afterwards, my aunt said, "Do you intend to holler at automobiles in France or will you travel by train like a gentleman?" And without waiting for an answer, "How did you come from Boston today?" I did not reply as I knew what I had to say would not please her.

Much to my surprise and delight, I found that I could get a booking on the *Leviathan* in a single stateroom. This had worried me a bit, because no one knows what kind of a room-mate he will have or how much he will be in the way if he does not happen to be congenial.

After that the red tape of the foreign consuls and the payment of ten dollar fees to each, including a ten to Uncle Sam, the sitting for a passport photograph in a cheap studio (anything to get by) and which looked like most anybody at all. All I could recognize about it was my light suit. However, nobody questioned it, and then I wondered if it did look like me. It looked more like a monkey than a man and every time anybody believed it was I, I was insulted.

After Congress has sat on my passport, Secretary Hughes put his signature on it and pasted on my photograph, it was returned to me. There were lots of things to do and numerous preparations, lots more clothes to take than I needed, because a steamboat is a very dressy boarding house.

At last, the day did finally arrive and I went to New York. I invited a lot of friends to wave handkerchiefs at me and get jealous. Aunt Bertha was there with a supply of handkerchiefs to weep in. I showed them around the boat like the King of Babylon, but was almost overcome myself by the extravagance of it all. There was the great recreation hall, richly decorated with hangings of extreme beauty, and paintings by old masters. There was a large smoking room in carved oak, with a great fireplace. There were numerous tearooms and reading rooms,—everything possible to think of for the comfort of the pampered rich. And downstairs was the swimming pool like an Egyptian bath,—huge pillars in blue mosaic, marble benches, and palms.

The great whistle was blowing and the visitors were leaving. Such pandemonium I have never heard as that boat broke loose. A thousand whistles were blowing, a band was trying to be heard, aeroplanes were dipping overhead, and everybody on the pier was shrieking and waving. Aunt Bertha had a handkerchief in each hand, one waving and one wiping her eyes. She was saying something, but what it was I never knew. Perhaps it was, "Did you take plenty of clean handkerchiefs?"

Then we were gone. We passed the Statue of Liberty and were soon out of sight of land. I found myself in a strange place alone. I did not know what was the proper thing to do on boats of that kind but found that people were engaging their deck chairs, so got in line and bought one for three dollars which I did not use more than twice on the whole trip.

At one o'clock a bugle blew, which meant lunch and a new experience. I had never been in such a beautiful place. But it was a high satisfaction wading through the deep carpet, past tables covered with heavy linen and silver and glass, to find my place at one of them.

I began with lobster mayonnaise, and then had a mousse of ham and chicken. I skipped such a lot of things! This was only a light lunch and I couldn't make a dent in it. I read it all over, eliminating the things that I could get at home. I let the salads alone to save room for creme caramel pudding. I didn't eat much because I had to save some courage for dinner which was not so far off, and was likely to be a harder job than lunch. Long legged and dignified boys in tight fitting uniforms and brass buttons were carrying silver trays of cold pressed meats in jelly.

At four o'clock there was tea on deck. I was ashamed to look tea in the face. How the rest did it I do not know. I had to run around and play tennis or quoits. I thought a swim might help out, so grabbed a fellow passenger by the arm and went down to the pool. In getting my baggage down to reasonable proportions, I had eliminated a bathrobe as someone had said an overcoat would serve all such purposes. Consequently I got undressed in my room, put on my overcoat and proceeded down to the pool by the elevator. At that, I was not very comfortable as one man wore a burnt orange silk dressing gown and another a black silk. However, I was assured that I was within the law and it was done on the *Leviathan*.

I at once jumped into the pool, swallowing a large portion of it. I know how to swim, but this is not a well-behaved pool. The least rock of the boat sends the waves high in all directions. It is a heavy surf all the time, only in the surf you can keep your eye on the waves and be prepared for them. This one sends them so quick and fast that when you think one is nicely out of the way it hits the other side and bounces back again. I dove in and swam under water to get used to the temperature and then came up for air, but a big wave saw my mouth open and went right down stairs.

At 6.30 a bugle blows which says, "Get in to your rooms and dress for dinner now, and see that you are correct." I didn't hear it as I was probably at the bottom of the pool. But when I was informed of it later, I rushed on my overcoat and rang for the elevator. I am sure I was not a very handsome thing to behold. I was dripping wet, my hair disheveled and my bare legs sticking out from under my old overcoat. But the worst was yet to come. As I landed at my floor and the elevator door was opened, there were all the ship's guests assembled immaculately dressed and waiting for the dinner bugle. Did you ever dream of being downtown in your night shirt? Well, that's it! I gave one mad glance and made a dash for my room. I thought of Aunt Bertha. If anything had happened to my overcoat, they would not have waited to give me a trial.

Fortunately, someone had laid out my evening clothes and I was able to get dressed quickly. As I emerged from my room, I am sure Aunt Bertha would have had nothing to say. Once more I descended to the dining room. It was more beautiful than before, with the lights and the luxurious atmosphere of well-dressed people. The men wore full dress or dinner coats, but the women bloomed like flowers in all colors of magnificent gowns and brilliant jewels set off by their cloaks thrown over the backs of the chairs. This is not my way of living, but I was glad to be a part of it once.

Again a "Buttons" led me to my seat. The music and the lavish beauty of it all was a treat for the senses. I sat fascinated by it, unwilling to be wakened when the waiter handed me the dinner card. I chose turtle soup, and then went back to dreaming. I was tired of eating. There was roast pheasant with spiced pineapple and vegetables, with strange sauces that I have never seen before. There were frogs' legs and salads and ices. One was confused with the abundance and variety.

After dinner there were moving pictures on the deck, but the chief attraction was the recreation hall where the orchestra was playing and the crowd was distributed about the room. Some were dancing, others sitting at the tables drinking coffee.

Late at night the chief engineer of Gibbs Brothers, who reconditioned the *Leviathan* and who sits at our table, invited me to go down to the engine room at the bottom of the ship. What he does not know about a boat is not necessary to know. We went down in an elevator so deep that it was like a mine shaft. I had no idea a boat could be so big. This one is thirteen stories high, with four passenger elevators, besides numerous small ones for the help and freight. We visited all sorts of queer places. My friend, the engineer, explained it in detail but I didn't understand any of it. What I saw was that huge snarl of machinery which in itself is a picture. Little, black, grimy men and intense heat; and still farther down we went, always down and more men and more heat. But there are huge funnels through which a rush of fresh air comes, and where the men can stand for respite. There are twelve hundred and fifty men employed on the *Leviathan*. There are four classes, but the crew are sleeping in the fourth class bunks, as one of them told me their bunks are over the boiler and too hot. He said, "When they build a boat they have everything planned out and when it is finished they say, 'I wonder where we can put the crew.' "

There are all sorts of servants hanging around to be tipped at the end of the voyage. I have no idea how many were lined up at the finish, but I had a strong desire to yell "Fire" and run when we touched shore.

There was one who called himself my valet. What? I had nothing to do with it. He was wished on me. All he did was hide my things. Every time I left the room he sneaked in and put things away where I could not find them. He hid my shoe horn one day, and after a long hunt I found it on a shelf behind the mirror in the dresser. I didn't know the mirror opened. After that when I couldn't find anything, I opened the mirror and generally found it there. Everything I wanted done he didn't do, but he was most regular about laying out my pajamas and turning down the bed covers at night.

Once I hunted all over the boat to find a drink of water, and finally sent a boy after it. He had to go a mile. I thought it strange they did not have drinking fountains around. When the boy returned he said water ought to be in my room. And sure enough, when I hunted there I found a thermos jug always kept full of fresh water by said valet. If that trip had been a little longer, I am sure I should have found lots more conveniences that I missed.

Then there is the bath steward who gave me a bath every morning, rain or shine. All he does is watch for me to

go to bed and as soon as I get to sleep he knocks on the door and says, "It's six o'clock. Your bawth is ready, sir." and he makes me get up and take a bath.

I nearly forgot the deck steward, who is most anxious to please. You buy a chair and a rug from him and when you get seated after breakfast he tucks you in and then serves bouillon and sandwiches and a lot of other things as if you had just come from a hard day's work with a pick.

After lunch he pushes a tea wagon up, and looks so sad and hurt if you don't want any. Or he tries to tempt you with dainty cakes and salted nuts. I didn't have the courage to try any of this kind of nourishment, but I liked the coffee after dinner in the great hall. It's what I call intensive luxury, and is pretty wild for me.

(To be continued)

OUR NEW SERIAL

DOINGS has had the good fortune to obtain an article on the old sectors as they are today, from Lyman B. Cozzens who served with the Sanitary Detachment of the 101st Engineers.

Mr. Cozzens recently returned from a trip during which he visited all the battlefronts where the Division served. The first installment of this story appears in this number. You don't want to miss any of it.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Cozzens for the time he has spared from a busy schedule to write this story for the enjoyment of his old buddies.

A. P. O. 709

IT'S ONLY natural that this column should have a word about postmasters. Off-hand, we recall three XYD's now serving in that capacity: HAROLD WINSLOW (102d F. A.), New Bedford, Mass., GILBERT O'NEIL (104th Inf.), Gloucester, Mass., and JAMES TRACY POTTER (104th Inf.), North Adams, Mass. Any others?

Postmaster WINSLOW, by the way, has been allowed an increase of twenty-five (carriers and clerks) to his force, and YD men were numerous among the appointees.

Mrs. LOUISE W. FLEMING, Y. M. C. A. worker attached to the 26th Division, is now in Aix-les-Bains and wishes to be remembered to all her YD buddies.

JACK O'MEARA, Co. H 101st Infantry, and BILL BRADY, 101st Field Signal Battalion, have opened an Interior Decoration Studio at 248 Boylston Street, Boston, under the name of O'Meara & Brady. Attention, ye newlyweds!

Lt. Col. WILLARD B. LUTHER, one of the YD Club's best friends, is taking a well-earned rest by voyaging to South America and thence to various other parts of the world. He expects to be gone two or three months.

HARTFORD X. K. P'S.

By Dick Barlow

MARTIN KLINGLE is following his old trade as a butcher, he is employed at the Miner Meat Market on Franklin Ave. Marty has two nifty youngsters.

MOOK VENNART, the silver tongued orator with the funny laugh, is Assistant Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce with offices on Church Street, Mook looks like Ready Money and no one would ever believe he used to be the best Dog Robber Captain Sprague ever had.

Miss Myrtle Brendle usually parks her car in front of Tull Bros. Hardware Store at 103 Church Street, as her father, Mr. CHARLES BRENDLE, better known as "Pop," is one of the partners there. Pop is still active in athletics and was the principal scorer in a recent meet of the Charter Oak Lodge of Odd Fellows. The Miss Brendle referred to will be two years of age on her next birthday.

ANDY HOLZHEIMER is still single and is living with his mother at 1444 Broad Street. He is employed at the Underwood Typewriter Plant and is an active member of the Navaho Club, a group of young men who have "Buddied" together since their "Young Scorpion Club" days. Andy weighs a little less than 200.

An apartment house on Washington Street is known as the Shenandoah. It must have been given that title after the bricklayers engineered its five flights.

Speaking of bricklayers, reminds us MICKEY FLYNN, who is employed by a Boston Construction Company, has been employed in the building of the Connecticut Trust Company at Main Street and Central Row.

JOE HENDERSON and GEORGE FERRIS are both employed at the Automatic Refrigerating Company. Joe is still single.

JIMMIE PECK and BOBBIE KUHN are both in town but will have to be listed as "Missing in Action" as no one seems to know their address.

ROCCO D. FRANCOLINI is having a difficult time with his New Year's Resolutions in regard to the Eighteenth Amendment. He is still single and is growing stout by the minute.

JESS WILLARD is still employed as an investigator by the Connecticut Humane Society, 300 Washington Street, Yep, he's still single and is rooming at the Y. M.

FRET PILL is also among those enjoying single blessedness and is employed at the Slattery Department Store on Pratt Street.

FRANCIS L. FOLEY of 172 Russ Street, is a Special Deputy at the New York Customs House, N. Y. C.

JOE FOLEY is in South America on business for the Bethlehem Steel Company.

JAMES McAULIFFE, who was wounded in action, has been taking vocational training at the Olson Engraving Company on Union Place.

That suspicious looking individual with the felt boots and wearing an army slicker, seen on Main Street several days recently, turned out to be—SAME OLD DICK.

History of the 101st Field Battalion Signal Corps

HISTORY OF THE WIRE COMPANY (COMPANY B)

February 8 to November 15, 1918

The Wire Company arrived at Soissons under the command of Captain S. Stewart Smith. Captain Smith has been identified with the Massachusetts Signal Corps for over twenty years as enlisted man and officer. He was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant in 1908 and a Captain in the spring of 1916. He was a thorough student of Signal Corps work, a capable officer, and commanded the respect of all who knew him. The company was trained under his direction and, due to his untiring effort, became very efficient.

Company headquarters was established at Billy-sur-Aisne on the night of February 9th, and on the following day work was started in connection with the divisional telephone system. The units of the division were spread over the area of the 11th French Army Corps, occupying the Chemin-des-Dames Sector with three divisions in the line, the 21st on the right, the 61st in the center, and the 22nd on the left. This arrangement presented rather a difficult problem inasmuch as the brigades and regiments were so widely separated and so far removed from Division Headquarters. However this difficulty was overcome by establishing relay telephone centrals at various French headquarters. Headquarters of the 26th Division was located at Couvrelles and on February 10th a switch-board was installed there and local lines were run to the various offices in the chateau. Existing French trunk lines were cut into the switch-board. One of the circuits to Soissons was simplexed for telegraph service, and the telegraph office located in the Divisional Telephone Central.

The 11th French Army Corps Headquarters was located at Soissons. One of the thirty drop switch-boards at the Corps Telephone Central was placed at the disposal of the 26th Division. This board served as a trunking board and relay whereby the division was able to communicate with its own units, the French Command, and the American Corps Headquarters at Neufchateau. The Telegraph office relayed all business over French lines through Criel and other relay points to Neufchateau, and thence over American lines to G. H. Q. at Chaumont.

The Advanced P. C. of the division and the headquarters of the 51st Field Artillery Brigade were located in Crouy and were connected by telephone lines through a switch-board established in the central of the 61st French Division. This station really was the heart of the forward divisional telephone system. This switch-board was maintained by a permanent detail of operators and linemen assisted by French-speaking operators co-operating on the French Divisional Board. French speaking operators were also assigned to the telephone centrals of the 21st French Division at P. C. Naurois, the22nd French Division at Juvigny, and other French centrals. Routine switch-boards in four and twelve-drop units were usually installed in these French centrals and were cross-connected with the French boards for the use of the American operators.

A school of telephony and cable-splicing covering construction, operation, and maintenance, was established at Billy-sur-Aisne and most of the men attended in weekly periods.

The Division Signal Officer, Major William A. Alfonte, Captain Carabin of the 8th Engineers, Chief of the Telegraph Service for the 11th French Army Corps, and Captain Smith co-operated closely throughout the occupation of the Chemin-des-Dames Sector.

The task of building a 10-pair buried cable between Juvigny and Terny-Sorny was assigned to the company during the latter part of February. A detachment of cable-splicers and mechanics installed the cable under the supervision of Lieut. Knowles. The digging in connection with the cable-laying project was done by a company of French infantry.

Lieutenant William J. Knowles came overseas with the battalion as a 1st Class Sergeant and did duty in the Division Signal Office until he was commissioned in January, at which time he was assigned to company "B" replacing Lieutenant Hobbs, who had assumed command of "C" company.

Lieutenant John J. Eckert, having completed his duties in the Neufchateau area, reported at Company Headquarters on February 22d. A few days later he assumed supervision of the cable-laying project, Lieutenant Knowles undertaking another cable-laying project at Banc-de-Pierre.

(To be continued)

CONGRATULATIONS

WARD M. PARKER, formerly Battery D, 102d Field Artillery, announces the birth of Ward Mayhew, Jr., on December 28, 1923.

ROGER D. SWAIM, formerly 102d Field Artillery, is the proud father of a daughter, born January 5, 1924.

HOWARD J. AKERLEY (1st Sgt., 101st Engineer Train) was married on November 11, 1923, to Miss Josephine Charbonneau at Lowell, Mass. They are living at 505 Hildreth St., Lowell, Mass.

WILLIAM C. DINNEEN (Wagoner, 101st Engineer Train) was married on October 20, 1923, to Miss Grace Alexander at Lowell, Mass. They are living at 225 Branch St., Lowell, Mass.

JOHN E. MOHR (102d Inf.) writes from Chicago that he has the best news since the Armistice,—the arrival of Robert Jack Mohr on January Twenty-Second!

ENGINEER ENTRIES

HEADLINES OF HEADQUARTERS

GUY DARKER is with the Western Electric Co. in Providence, R. I.

FRED HEWEY can be reached at the West Point Manufacturing Co., 49 Federal Street, Boston.

DOINGS OF "D"

A number of the boys turned out for the dance given by the Welfare Association at the Armory, Saturday, December 8, 1923.

"SKIPPER" SWAN (pardon, Lieutenant Colonel), EDDIE WALKER, GEORGE ST. LAURENT, BOB DAVIS, BOB YOUNG, GIL SINGLETON and HOOVER WOODWORTH represented D Co.

ST. LAURENT is doing well with the Quincy Oil Co. It seems that business agrees with him, perhaps the nature of the business is the reason.

JOHNNY MORSE is doing a little editing for Babson, in Wellesley. Careful of your spelling, Johnny!

Rumors have it that "CREEP" HARLOW is improving his musical ear at Henderson's Music Store.

Our well known barber "SNAPPY" SARDINER is in Boston again. He is selling typewriter supplies, that is the machines, not the operators.

"HOOVER" WOODWORTH has been elected head of the Legion Post in Sharon. Good Work, "Hoover."

We have it straight that our former Captain C. J. Swan is now Lieutenant Colonel. We are very pleased, but it's a good thing for D Company that it didn't happen "pendant la guerre."

GUY MESSENGER has given up his candy business in Milford. D Company doesn't seem to have much luck in the "Sweet Business."

GIL SINGLETON has an additional member in his family now. Her name is Lucey B—. He says it's an Irish Terrier, maybe it is!

Some of the boys are trying to get interest started for a big Get-Together of D men, next summer. This ought to be pushed along and every D man ought to help. Any suggestions you have should be sent to the "Skipper." It would be a good idea to elect a committee and get things started as soon as possible.

We understand that RAY NEWHALL is looking forward to a considerable reduction in taxes next year.

P. S.—By later bulletin. The above mentioned reduction is assured. Confirmation arrived January 9th. It's a boy.

MEMOS OF THE MEDICOS

MAJOR NIELSON is the examining surgeon for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., Boston office.

LAWRY CLUFF is teaching, three nights a week, at the Bentley School of Accounting. He suggests that some member of the Sanitary Department write the history of the famous mules, Montsec and Hay-belly.

BUZZINGS OF "B"

Very sorry, fellows, we have to report the death of WALLACE SCOTT HICKS, who died in Portland, January 7, 1923.

A. K. SHAW writes a letter from Portland, full of news and enthusiasm. "A. K." represents the Standard Register Company in Portland.

Elmer Garsoe, 2nd, born to Mr. and Mrs. ELMER GARSOE, December 20th, 1922. Nice work, Garsoe, old top. One more "Soldat."

RAY VAN TASSELL has found the secret of how to live happily tho married. The secret, my friends, is little Joyce Van Tassell, now five months old.

Glad to hear that "JOE" REDLON, "PUT" GILMAN, LEON MAXWELL and "DOC" POWERS still enjoy "boisterous" health altho living in Westbrook, Maine. Speaks well for Westbrook, we'll say.

If any of you chaps feel flush, "JIM" TELFER will put electric refrigeration in your house, thereby reducing, your flush feeling but increasing your feeling of satisfaction.

BUTTERS has just recovered from a severe nervous attack. He is looking "right smart" now.

"BILL" RUSSELL (who left us at Bazoilles for officers' training school) is the proud father of a little daughter, born January 11, 1924. That's starting the year right, "Bill."

"RED" PULSIFER is reclaiming land in the lowest and hottest place in the United States, to wit:— Thermal, California. "Red" was always doing big things. He would be glad to hear from any of you birds, out there alone "where the West begins". His address is Route A, Box 139, Thermal, California.

We're from "B", "B", old "B".
Fine as any name can be,
No matter what we do, our hearts are true
To dear "Old B."
"A", "C" and "D" it may be,
Have a share in 1st Corps fame,
But the one for me, is dear "Old B",
It's a grand old name.

Now fellows with all this cheap belly-wash that is being slung in Washington, D. C., by a quartermaster colonel who loves the granolithic sidewalks of Washington, it is time for us to become more firmly solidified than ever to the fact that our company, our regiment, our brigade and our division accomplished work and sacrifice second to none (even admitted by the records of the War Department) and that we must perpetuate this fact and keep it inviolate from insinuations and innuendoes of just such GENTLEMEN as are on the defence of the Major controversy.

The only way that we can stop this kind of stuff is to become firmly organized and each "man Jack" of us join the Y. D. Veterans Association. Then when a controversy full of false accusations arises, we can by the strength of our unity demand that a full investigation of the controversy be aired and aired in public. As a Division, we have nothing to hide, nothing to back down for and nothing to fear.

We take no issue with the regular army; at the worst, they make good policemen in turbulent times.

We hear that "DAN" BOONE has issued an ultimatum for all "B" men to come and hear his *new* piano. S'funny, a man in the used car department of an automobile concern should buy a brand new piano. He ought to know tho. Dan is like our French friend and his fliver, for Dan says "Bring your own music."

We hear indirectly that JOHN GOOD has lunch and often times dinner at the Oyster House down in the market district. How come, John? They tell us, John, that HAROLD McCORMACK had no success.

WHITTEN and MEURLING were observed at the South Station the other night talking over staff officer operations, for the next war. Meurling was trying to get in liaison with supplies.

NOTE: The writer acknowledges letters and notes of information from A. K. Shaw, John Good and R. M. Eastman.

Mail, send, or telephone any news you have to V. B. HITCHINS, State Street Trust Co., 33 State St., Boston, Mass.

FANCIES OF "F"

Our old friend, GEORGE BRANSCOMB of Pheonix, Arizona, is now Captain of Company B, 158th Infantry, Arizona National Guard. And to think that at one time we had George slated for a pine box. Remember in Chaumont, when he was conceded scarcely a chance to live a week? Congratulations, George, and congratulations, B Company.

POP PALMSTROM announces the arrival of another son. Pop now holds three of a kind. What F Co. man can beat that hand?

It is reported that BOB MILLAR has recently had an operation for the removal of his tonsils. May this issue of DOINGS find him back to normal.

ELMER CASEY is authority for the statement that ARTHUR CHRISTIE has been (or is) out on strike with the Gold Beaters Union. Now if only the Gold Diggers Union would follow suit, how different Huntington Avenue would look.

CHARLIE GANT has written AL DAY that he will pay for the equivalent of five copies of the "History of F Co." and offers to be of any service he can in helping to have it published. With an example like that, is there any man in the company who can't take at least one? If you still haven't spoken for a copy, write Al Day, No. 1 Washington Street, Boston.

The first faint, distant, rumblings of the annual reunion are beginning to be detected. More later.

ECHOES OF "E"

"E Co. ECHOES", the Company newspaper from whose items this column is made up each month, has started on its Fifth Volume. What other single company in the Division has a better record for sticking together.

Our old comrade, JOHN "MIKE" ROONEY, is back in la belle France. Even now he may be sipping one of those —oh what's the use! He plans to visit Mulsanne, Poulangey Doulaincourt and some of the other places made famous by E Company. Lucky Rooney.

GEORGE CARMICHAEL writes from South Lee, New Hampshire, asking to have his two daughters Elizabeth and Catherine entered on the rolls of the "Daughters of E." It shall be done; keep up the good work.

ONIE O'NEIL is in the employ of the Boston Elevated, ROGER HARVEY is in the printing game at 136 Federal Street, AL GOLDSWORTHY is in PHIL COMSTOCK'S division of the A. &. P. Tea Co.

CARL PAYSON was married December 28th. Congratulations!

"POP" FOLEY was up for Christmas holidays. He reported that our old top-kick, BILL BUXTON, has been under the weather, but last reports are that he is on the mend, so guess he will stall off the undertaker for a while yet.

BOB TURNBULL is in Base No. 49, U. S. Hospital, Philadelphia.

ANNUAL MEETING, YD CLUB OF BOSTON

The 1924 Annual Meeting of the YD Club of Boston will be held at the Clubhouse, Wednesday, March 12, at 8.00 P.M. Election of officers and other important business will be transacted.

DAMMIT, WE RECANT

LAST MONTH we challenged every YD business man to list in the "Directory." We got a little impatient while awaiting replies, and composed a pathetic editorial on 'The Thrill of Talking to One's Self." Three entries arrived in the next mail, so we pigeon-holed the dirge. Let 'em come; we've reserved a whole column.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

GEORGE LYMAN, former lieutenant, is associated with the bond house of Coffin & Burr.

ALBERT HAYES is studying law at Boston University.

RICHARD DONOVAN, former top sergeant, is a candy salesman for Lovell & Covel, having charge of their Hartford, Conn., territory. Dick is very fond of sweets, as is shown by depriving the Veterans' Bureau of its first lady Assistant Manager, by marrying her.

AL SILBERBERG is selling insurance and is a well known figure in the insurance district.

DANIEL BRENNAN, formerly Lieut. 101st Inf., is holding down the HOT CORNER (Central and Merrimack Sts.) Lowell, Mass., as traffic officer. His unfailing courtesy, efficiency and geniality is not surpassed by any among Lowell's finest.

LIEUT. TIMOTHY LYNCH is making good with a "Bang" in the P. O. Dept., Lowell, Mass. TIM may be seen any day nimbly leaping from his speed wagon, arms full of U. S. Mail, with the same agility which made him the athlete so well known.

TOM HENRY, former Mess Sergeant, is now sporting a policeman's uniform in Waltham.

Sgt. LEO STANKARD is now a corporal in the State Constabulary.

Sgt. LEO LANDRY has just been promoted to manager of the Watertown Electric Co.

Corp. FRANK McCORMACK is now at Washington with the Income Tax Department.

Corp. JAMES HUDSON, of Amesbury, is enjoying married life. The fortunate young lady being Agnes M. Smith.

Sgt. and Mrs. ERNEST FINAN report that the twins are behaving finely.

Lieut. C. W. CLARK is still catching moonshiners.

HARRY SIDMAN, the cobbler who left us in Circourt, has been visiting Waltham recently.

FRANK McGOWAN has recently been promoted to Captain of Co. F, 182nd Infantry, at Waltham.

Sgt. PATRICK FORD now patrols a "beat" in Lawrence.

Sgt. "RED" DOWD now answers the fire alarms regularly in Lawrence.

Major A. A. HANSEN has started in the contracting business in Waltham.

"PAT" McKENNA of Lawrence spent a couple of months in Waltham this fall. Pat is building chimneys now instead of tearing them down.

"DUEKY" MALLOY was seen heading for Waltham Christmas. Dueky is enjoying married life in Cambridge.

Anybody ever hear from Capt. CLINTON W. JOHNSON? If so, send his address along.

HAROLD G. "SPIKE" CARLSON, veteran fullback of Boston University football team for 1923, has been elected captain of the team for 1924.

On January 27th, Tierney Square, the junction of Bunker Hill, Ferren and Chelsea Streets in Charlestown, was dedicated in memory of CORPORAL TIERNEY, who was killed near Seicheprey in May 1918.

YD AUXILIARY

The Annual Meeting was held January 9, when the following officers were elected for 1924: President, Mrs. C. G. Francis; vice-president, Mrs. John Lowell; treasurer, Mrs. Wayland M. Minot; assistant treasurer, Mrs. Howard E. Gale; recording secretary, Miss Charlotte M. Flynn; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Will F. Lawrence; chaplain, Mrs. Alice Snape.

The President spoke of two beloved members who, in December, were born into another, richer and fuller life: Mrs. Robert Duncan, our former chaplain, of whom too much cannot be said for her faithful service and devotion to all our interests; and Mrs. Elon F. Tandy, a member of our Governing Board, who was always actively interested in the work of the Auxiliary. There was a moment of silence in their memory.

An effort is being made to interest many more who are eligible for membership to feel that it is a privilege to belong to a group representing opportunity and to be a part with those who help to maintain a fitting YD memorial. Miss Anna F. Elliott is this year's chairman of the Membership Committee.

A successful Old Fashioned Dinner and Dance was given on February 12 for the benefit of the Welfare Fund, with the following ladies in charge: Mrs. Mabel Anderson, Mrs. Joseph J. Avery, Mrs. Florence H. Bossett, Mrs. James O. Cook, Miss Anna Elliott, Mrs. Edna M. Estabrook, Mrs. Will F. Lawrence, Mrs. Anna L. McKenna, Mrs. James A. Nicoll, Mrs. Allen Smith, Mrs. Joseph C. Smith, Mrs. Alice Snape and Mrs. Catherine Sullivan.

On February 2, the regular monthly informal dance was much enjoyed. Mrs. F. S. Coburn, chairman, and her committee who have arranged for these dances, are pleased that the recreation needs of members and their friends have been so much appreciated. The next date for a dance is March 15. We hope to welcome a host of YD men and their friends.

The weekly Wednesday evening whist parties, directed by Mrs. Sullivan, chairman, will continue with an increasing attendance, it is hoped.

The hospital and welfare work, which after all is our very important mission, is ably cared for by Mrs. John F. Osborn, chairman, and her committee, who earnestly request that any YD veteran or his family who need assistance will communicate with her. On the fourth Wednesday of each month some member of the Hospital Committee will be at the YD Clubhouse from 2 to 4 o'clock. This is also sewing day, with many garments to be made. Tea will be served by the house committee, Mrs. Charles T. Nicoll, chairman.

The Auxiliary have presented a YD flag to adorn the Clubhouse. This was arranged for by the flag committee: Mrs. F. P. Estabrook, chairman, Mrs. Arthur T. Buswell, and Mrs. Joseph C. Smith.

We have received greetings from Mrs. Louise W. Fleming, who is in London on a short vacation from Headquarters and Corps Area, Governors Island, New York, where she has been stationed this year past.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

SPRINGFIELD UNIT, 104th

THE FOLLOWING officers were installed at the January 2nd meeting of the Springfield Unit: JAMES W. ARMESON, Commander; JOSEPH E. HINES, Vice-Commander; EDWARD MORRILL, Quartermaster; JOHN C. ROSS, Adjutant. Committees were named on Relief and on Apremont Day, with comrades BLISS and ROSS as Chairmen, respectively.

A MEETING was held January 16, at which the following Flag Committee for 1924 was appointed: Commander ARMESON, Chairman; GEORGE A. ROBERTS. Treasurer; JOHN C. ROSS, EARL S. CHAPMAN, VICTOR GAGNON, WILLIAM P. FORREST.

HENRY R. HOYLE, of Milford, is completing a drawing for the new Unit colors, and the flag should be ready for the Apremont Day celebration. It will have a dark blue field, with gold fringe and letters. Anyone desiring to contribute to the flag fund is asked to remit to Major Roberts, the treasurer.

WILLIAM P. FORREST, Past Commander of the Unit, has been elected Commander of Springfield Post, V. F. W. PATRICK J. MEEHAN, of Apremont fame, was elected Chaplain, but is nevertheless very devoted to his new bull pup.

THOMAS P. SHEA has been elected Vice-Commander of the Springfield Legion Post.

FRANCIS P. SHEEHAN boasts a new baby boy, who will be available for machine gun service June, 1944. ARCHIE FRAPPER counters this move with a future recruit for Company "G." EMILE OLSON'S Company "G" hopeful is now twenty-one months old, and in advanced training. The old man says he doesn't have to get his own carpet slippers any more. (Hope Dick Barlow will note that the epidemic is not confined to Bridgeport.)

JAMES ROBERT FREW (not a YD man) left Springfield about thirteen years ago. His mother is dying, and he is wanted at home. 48 Norwich Street, Springfield.

WILLIAM LARSON, former bugler with "M" Co., and later with Hq. Co., has just completed a cozy bungalow on the main stem at Hopedale, Mass. Bill thinks he will like it a lot better than the dugouts provided for him over there. He also has a diary that General Edwards thinks is a corker. He is still with Uncle Sam, but wears civvies and says he now gets his pay the same day he signs the payroll.

HOLYOKE UNIT, 104th

Remember—104th Reunion.
Remember—April 26th, 1924.
Remember—Holyoke.

WORCESTER UNIT, 104th

HERBERT L. SCARLES (Co. "C" and Co. "B") has been appointed secretary to Mayor O'Hara of Worcester, and also Commissioner of Soldier's Relief.

FRED J. LAPLANTE (Co. "H") died on January 6, 1924, as a result of burns received in a garage explosion several days before. Burial was at the Notre Dame Cemetery.

"NED" HORNIBROOK has located in Santa Monica, California.

BOSTON UNIT, 104th

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting of the Greater Boston Unit was held at the YD Club on January 17th. Discussion was confined to the project for a mural painting of the 104th decoration, to be placed in the State House. This is provided for in House Bill No. 496, filed and being sponsored by Representative Merle D. Graves, of Springfield. All the 104th Units are solidly behind this bill, and a determined effort will be made to secure its enactment into law by the present legislature. All 104th men are urged to write their representatives and senators in support of the measure.

FRANCIS J. DOWD is in the limelight again, having appeared in Washington before the Interstate Commerce Commission relative to the industrial coal situation. He appeared as an expert representing the Associated Industries of Massachusetts, and according to newspaper comment made a most able presentation of his case.

WALTER BURKE (Co. "E") formerly street commissioner of Harreville, is now a traffic officer at the Veterans' Bureau, directing traffic to the various departments.

RAYMOND BEDARD (Co. "E") who attained the rank of Third Lieutenant overseas, has been elected Junior Vice Commander of Hoyt Post, V. F. W., Cambridge.

GUY WATTS (Co. "C") has migrated to Little Old New York, for the winter at least, and is with J. F. Watkins Co., 155 Perry Street. He had located JOHN HOPKINS, who is in the real estate business there, and making such strides that he is planning to go in business for himself. Guy also established liaison with the Metropolitan Chapter, Y. D. V. A.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

ANOTHER GOOD man gone, but not wrong this time. HENRY F. DURANT, who as secretary of the Portland Club (and a darned active secretary at that) has been forced to resign from this office on account of moving to Bath, Me., with his family. Durant is representing the Fuller Brush Co. in this sector and we hope all you YD birds in that vicinity will supply the wife with a new set of Durant's "Fullers." (We ought to rate a sample for that one. Henry).

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

HENRY O'DAY has been elected Commander of the Stephen R. Rutledge Post, V. F. W., of Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. PAUL C. BALCH announce the arrival of a son, Paul Conant Balch, Jr.

NOTE FROM A "NARD" NUT

Oh, Mister Editor, oh, Mister Editor,
I've a kick to make against your jazzy bard:
He has gone and roused the Muse
That responded once to booze,
So what follows must be blamed on Mister Nard.
Oh, Yankee Doings, with your home brewings
You're the finest little paper in the land.
From old Fuller P. Nard's jazz
To the Beans the ladies razz,
It's a corker, Mister Editor,
How you do it beats the band.

Oh, Mister Editor, oh, Mister Editor,
Through another verse I'm doubtful I can go.
But your New Year started right
With so many features bright,
From the cover to the last page, which brings dough.
Now listen, you: I'm half way through,
Yet I haven't murmured half I had in mind.
Your "Between Ourselves" was great,
That's my honest estimate.
Encore, encore, Mister Editor,
We will read you till we're blind.

Oh, Mister Editor, oh, Mister Editor,
YDick Barlow surely writes without a glove.
He's a clever, saucy bird,
Beaucoup years may he be heard
Ere he's called to active duty up above.
Oh, Mister Ed, oh, Mister Ed,
If I haven't filled you up with rancor keen,
Do not weaken, do not fall,
Here's the finest news of all:
Signing off, dear Mister Editor,
Just a cordial

—BENNY DICTINE.

BACK UP, BENNY

We're bound to agree,
We'd miss Fuller P.,
And DOINGS would look rather punk,
If he should see fit
To fail to remit
His monthly consignment of bunk.

Yet this same Mr. Nard,
Whose rhymes by the yard
Have affected Friend Benjamin's bean,
Must be shooting the ink
From some cell in the clink;
'Round the Club he has never been seen.

He slings a mean pen,
This guy, F.P.N.,
But his jazz always comes in the mail,
He never drops in
To unmuzzle his chin.
Can it be he's a lifer in jail?

We've puzzled our coco
Until we are loco
To figure who Fuller can be.
We've ransacked the Club
In hopes some poor dub
Could help us to find his P. C.

But the whole darn kaboodle
Are lame in the noodle,
There's no one has even a hunch,
While he throws the bluff
In all of his stuff,
That he's wise to each move of the bunch.

In this month's effusions,
He hints of contusions·
We threatened to raise on his bean,
If another full reel
He attempted to spiel
Of Gallagher, also of Shean.

The bird must be clever,
For though we have never
Gained entrance inside his abri,
By some instinct rare
He has granted our prayer,—
"Bury Shean, you Son-of-a-G!"

—MISTER EDITOR.

WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?

THAT'S A CINCH, compared with "Where are your wandering pals today?" This is the question giving grey hairs to the membership campaign directors. Dig up a roster and send it in. Read "Between Ourselves" in this issue.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

By George W. Twombly

ROBERT BUTLER is now living in Fellows, California, where he, his wife and baby are pleasantly located. Bob has discontinued his former training which he undertook sometime ago, and he is now with the Associated Oil Company in the Telegraph Department. Fellows is located in the southern part of California, and Bob says that they have the finest concrete roads in all the world, and he hopes that whenever any of the boys come out that way, they will be sure to pay him a visit.

BILL GARRISON is at present in Reno, and I guess he is in rather bad health. I understand that through the Veterans' Bureau, he has been examined by a doctor and recommended for treatment and compensation, but I am advised that they were disapproved of. It is too bad, because you know, Bill would never ask for assistance or would go for a thing like that unless he was made to.

WESLEY B. REED, better known as "Ike" is now living in Coalinga, California, and is working with the California Highway Commission. He is in charge of the maintenance of forty miles of highway. Ike is very happily married and says he only wishes that some of us would go out

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and spend some time with him. His post office box is No. 574, and he would at least like to hear from some of the old gang.

Last month, CLARENCE HASKELL visited Boston and called on quite a number of the fellows. He was formerly sergeant of A Company, but is now a civilian employee of the government at Mitchell Field. Clarence is looking well and was sober, but possibly that is not his fault! Of course, "you mean what I know."

I am sorry to report that CARL MORSE'S father died rather suddenly, the middle of January.

For some time past, JACK DOWNING has been working in the Radio Department at Shepard's Store. He now has with him GEORGE GARVEY and RAY CORLISS. The Radio Department has been moved from the fourth floor to the first floor on the Winter Place side, just off Winter Street.

A little while ago, I got a vague report of the serious illness of HARRY STANTON. All I got was that he had given up his work in Connecticut. I have been unable to find out anything more regarding his condition, so if any of you know any more about him, I wish you would let me hear from you.

ROY KNOX was in New York last month for a few days, and although unable to see any of the gang because of pressure of business, he talked over the phone with those whom he was able to reach.

FRANK ASTON'S wife is now able to be up after a successful operation.

At the December meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Charles T. Nicoll—Commander
Walter McLennon—Vice Commander
Leslie Ormiston—Secretary

The writer of this column was elected treasurer, so send in your dues soon, as I need a new overcoat!!

At Christmas time, I received a large picture showing Nogent-le-Bas and Nogent-en-Bassigny. Needless to say, it made me deucedly homesick and yet I have it stuck up in my room!

DU TABAC

Since the day Sir Walter Raleigh's valet or butler or chauffeur, or whoever he was, saw smoke issuing from Sir W.'s mouth and enveloping his classic noodle with a misty halo, and in extreme agitation of soul anointed his boss's coco with a seidel of Budweiser,—from that historic occasion up to the present day of "It's Toasted," "They Satisfy," and "I'd Walk a Mile for One," Milady Nicotine has not lacked admirers or press-agents.

But the topic, "Tobacco in the World War, or How Humps Helped Hasten Heinie," still awaits its Boswell. When the author of "Pack All Your Troubles" smote 'is bloomin' lyre he was on the right track; witness the line, "While you've a lucifer to light your fag," etc. Only trouble he didn't go far enough. The subject merits a volume, a five-foot shelf, a library. No doubt old Soixante-Quinze helped "finir la guerre", but without fear of successful contradiction I hereby assert that smoke won the war,—yes, sir,—tobacco smoke.

When we were playing one-night stands in every mudhole from Verdun to Montigny, after we pricked the blisters on our dogs, what came next? Pipes or fags; and soon a peal

of melody relating to intended assassination of the bugler or our extreme preference for going home to being killed, denoted that all was well. What did it? Smoke, of course!

I owned a fragment of a pipe held together with splints and rubber bands which I wouldn't have changed for a pass to Paree. One warm, sunny afternoon, under the shadow of Montsec it rolled over on its back, kicked all four feet in the air, and expired of old age. Disdaining suggestions that it be sent to the Smithsonian Institute as a prehistoric relic, I set to work with the company horseshoer's tools to resurrect it from the dead. Alas, its soul had passed through the golden portals of immortality, its earthly career was done.

Nor shall eatin' terbacker go unsung.

A certain officer, one of whose claims to distinction being his ability to eat more tobacco than most men can of bread, used to solace himself in his hours of despondency (caused by too many cooties) by having a roaring fire built in a salamander in his billet, in front of which fervent cuspidor he would sit and cuspidate with the unfailing regularity of a Big Bertha. He was the only man I ever knew who employed Old Honesty or Juicy Fruit as an aid to oratory. A bawling-out by him was an inspiring and educational performance:—end of a sentence, squit, period to the right; end of a paragraph, about face and a deluge; end of a chapter, stoke up with a new charge.

I once salvaged a package of stuff bearing the illuminating label of Rauchstabak. After smoking a pipeful, two mysteries became clear,—where Fritz got the idea of the gas attack, and why he lost the war.

When we lay with nothing between us and eternity but a shellproof pup-tent and a prayer and had to use one of those orange colored snake lighters because we didn't dare light a match, did the old Lucky or pipeful of P. A. bring dreams of home? Were there more nights than one when it was the only thing under a leaky sky worth a large-sized damn in our estimation? You tell 'em, Fatima.

Perhaps you've all heard this one. An Englishman and an Irishman, each a staunch admirer of the American, Henry Clay.

"In my country," said the Tommy, "they thought so much of Clay they named a cigar after him."

"Sure, that's nothing at all," came the answer, "in my country they named a poipe afther him."

Ask Dad, he knows.

—P. N. S.

BATTERY C, 102d F. A.

At the annual meeting of the Veteran Association, battery C, 102d field artillery, at Lawrence, Lt.-Col. FRANK J. KILLILEA, U. S. property and disbursing officer, Boston, was elected president of the association. COL. CHARLES F. SARGENT, retired, formerly U. S. P. & D. O., was elected historian of the association.

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